

The Extraordinary Adventure of the Rev. Walter

Like a Sleep-Walker in a Dream the Clergyman Wanders Away from Minnesota Home, Enlists in the Navy and Wakes Up a Madman Shocked to Find Himself on the Bowery With His Strange

How He Changed from Clergyman to Sailor and Then Back Again

Fairmont, Minn., February 18.

ON the afternoon of December 15 last the Rev. Walter R. Burton, pastor of the First Christian Church of this place, stepped on the train to go to a nearby town, Austin, to officiate at a funeral.

From this moment the Rev. Mr. Burton completely dropped out of sight so far as his wife and children and his devoted friends in the parish were concerned. Where he had gone and why he had gone and what had become of him were mysteries without the slightest clue.

Two days later a postal card signed by the Rev. Mr. Burton was received by his wife. The card was postmarked Des Moines, Iowa, and its contents were such as to deepen the mystery of his disappearance.

On the afternoon of January 10 a man in the uniform of a United States Navy sailor reeled along the Bowery in New York, and, clasping his hands to his head, fell to the sidewalk.

This was the Rev. Walter R. Burton, the missing pastor of the First Christian Church of Fairmont!

He was taken, unconscious, to the New York Hospital, where, after a few hours, he opened his eyes. All that had happened to Rev. Mr. Burton from the time he stepped on the train at Fairmont on December 15 until he opened his eyes in the New York Hospital on January 10 will never be known. But the astonished shipmates of the afflicted clergyman have told him enough of what did occur during this period when his mind was a blank thoroughly to shock his moral sensibilities as a clergyman.

At the time the Rev. Mr. Burton reached the New York Hospital he was still unconscious. Enlistment papers found in his pocket gave the name of Richard Hudd and showed that he had become a musician of the second grade in the United States Navy at Key West, Florida, on December 26. Other papers showed that since January 2 he had been living in the Naval Young Men's Christian Association in Sands street, Brooklyn.

William S. Porteous, a first-class yeoman in command of recruits aboard the receiving ship Maine, visited the hospital.

"That's Hudd," said he. "He hasn't got a uniform yet. He enlisted in Key West and came north on the monitor Ozark. He's been waiting for a uniform and an assignment to some ship's band and living meantime near the navy yard. He got leave of absence Saturday and was due back at 7:30 o'clock Monday morning. It's Hudd all right. I've seen him every day."

And then the Rev. Mr. Burton opened his eyes, gazed without a sign of recognition at Porteous and the doctors and nurses, and inquired anxiously:

"Where am I? Why am I here? What happened?"

He glanced nervously, almost frightfully, around the ward. The doctors told him of his collapse, and told him he was in New York. He listened, obviously scarce comprehending, and when they had finished, exclaimed petulantly:

"I don't understand anything about it. I'm the Rev.

Walter R. Burton, of the First Christian Church, Fairmont, Minn. I had a pain in my head yesterday, and that's all I remember."

From the date of his enlistment until he opened his eyes in the hospital as the Rev. Mr. Burton his movements were easy to trace. Aboard ship and at Key West, his shipmates said, he had been "a good fellow." In New York he had made many of the usual rounds of amusements to which sailors in port are prone, and had been seen examining with interest the Bowery.

But what happened during the twelve days elapsing between his loss of memory at his home and his enlistment in Key West there is absolutely no trace. Where he went before he reached the recruiting station in Florida, what he did and what happened to him no one knows, or is ever likely to know.

Fairmont is a peaceful little city of about 4,000 inhabitants. The Rev. Mr. Burton came here in March, 1913, from Oregon with his wife and their baby boy. He was but twenty-nine years old. A pleasing personality won him friends both in and out of the church at once. An athlete, he was fond of wholesome outdoor sports and readily gained the sympathetic friendship of the younger people of the town. He was an accomplished musician.

Under his guidance the little congregation of scarcely more than a hundred grew numerically and spiritually, and now numbers double what it was when he came. He was the idol of his parishioners, and they reposed in him the utmost confidence.

On the afternoon of Dec. 15 Rev. Mr. Burton told his wife that he had to go to Austin, Minn., to preach a funeral sermon for some one whose name he did not know. He kissed his wife and little boy goodbye, telling them he would return as soon as possible. He appeared to be in perfect health and spirits, and when the wife told him goodbye she fully expected his return on the following day.

At the station he chatted with acquaintances and told a reporter for a local newspaper that he was going to preach a funeral sermon for some one whose name he did not know. His actions aroused no suspicion in the minds of even his most intimate friends. He purchased a ticket for Austin—and that was the last seen of him by Fairmont!

When he failed to return at the anticipated time Mrs. Burton assumed that he had been unexpectedly detained, and gave no serious thought to his absence. Two days after his departure, however, there came to his wife a postcard and a letter. The card was postmarked Austin and the letter was marked Des Moines, Iowa, and the time of posting was less than an hour apart.

"I have a hellish desire to destroy something," the pastor wrote in his letter. "I am going away to take treatment in a sanitarium. You may never see me again. I know this will be hard for you and for the church, but I think it is better so. I fear that I may do some criminal act which may bring disgrace on us. I am awake at night sometimes with an almost uncontrollable desire to do violence, and I am afraid of myself."

Intellectual; his face smooth; the lips sensitive; the teeth even and well dentified, and his eyes were clear and of the "looking-at-you-straight" kind. Extreme mental fatigue was plain, however.

The Munsterberg tests, a kind of mild and unobtrusive trial degree, by which malingering is established and criminality detected, had been made in the

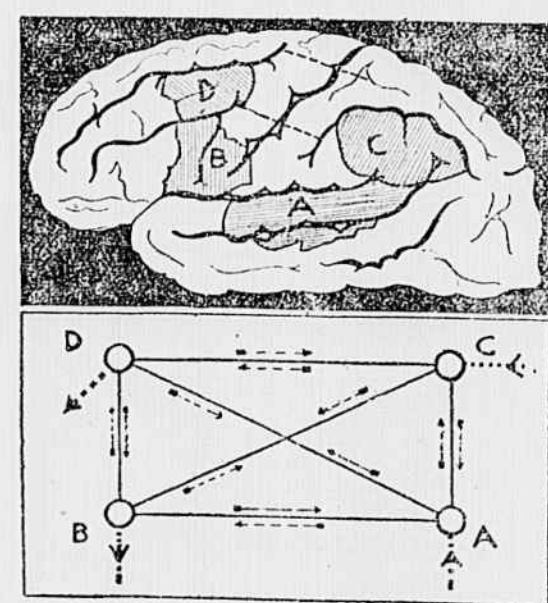


Diagram illustrating the Probable Cause of the Rev. Mr. Burton's Transformation. The Upper Drawing Shows the Four Memory Centers of the Brain. The Lower Drawing Shows the Normal Course of Nerve Impulses to and from These Centers, and their Inter-Relation. When This Normal Inter-Relation is Interfered With or Broken "Mind-Blindness" Occurs, with its Mysterious Manifestations of Shifting and Multiple Personalities.

New York Hospital, and had been found negative. That is to say, they had given no evidence of deception.

The most important of these was the association test. Briefly, this consists in addressing to the suspect a series of unrelated words and in having the patient speak rapidly the first word which the test word has called up in his mind. For instance, the Rev. Mr. Burton enlisted at Key West, Florida. He made the journey to New York on the monitor Ozark. Naturally the two facts of enlistment and of the sea journey would have been impressed very deeply in his mind.

After several words such as "white," to which Mr. Burton replied "black"; "warm," to which he replied "sun," and so on, had been given him, suddenly the

These were the last words received in Fairmont from the missing pastor until the morning of January 12, when a member of his congregation received a telegram from him, dated at New York City, as follows:

"At New York Hospital. Here since January 10. Was picked up unconscious in street. Remember nothing since December 15. Severe pains in head then. Don't know where I have been."

"WALTER BURTON."

Mrs. Burton had remained in Fairmont until January 1. Then she left with her child for Boise, Idaho, to make her home with a sister.

It developed that the Rev. Mr. Burton had drawn from a local bank all the money he had deposited in his name, amounting to nearly \$200. In addition he had borrowed \$25 on his note from the banker. He had received his month's salary as pastor but the day before.

Mrs. Burton, at Boise, was asked what she thought of her husband's explanation of his absence.

"I believe him and trust him," she said. "He has always been the kindest and best of husbands. And we have always been happy together. His whole heart was in the church and his family. He had planned so many things to do this year and what a beautiful church we were to have. I am sure he is suffering from some strange malady. I know that he will come back as soon as he can, and when he does he can explain away all this mystery."

The Navy Department is so convinced of the truth of the minister's story that the department at Washington is considering Rev. Mr. Burton's case, and it has assured his family that within a short time he will be formally discharged from the service, which is so repugnant to him as a minister and which he joined under the influence of his other personality.

Lieutenant Commander Johnson, commanding the receiving ship Maine, said: "The case will be dealt with sympathetically after it is absolutely proven that when Mr. Burton took the oath he was not mentally responsible."

"But meantime, from our point of view, here is one of our men seriously ill in the shore hospital. It is our duty to take care of him. After he has recovered sufficiently a thorough medical survey will be ordered of his case, and he will have every opportunity to prove the truth of this amazing story."

These tests, it is understood here, have since been made to the satisfaction of the Navy Department. Members of his congregation here, while expressing the most loyal belief in his statement that the past month's events are a blank to him, will not seek to have him resume his pastorate. They declare the church would suffer thereby and that the pastor would not be the power he has been heretofore. Also, they say, another of these attacks may come upon him at any time, and they could no longer have confidence in him, not knowing whether his actions were taken while in the possession of his normal consciousness or while under the influence of his strange malady.

words "Key West" were hurled upon him. Now if Mr. Burton had not been telling the truth when he said that he had no memory of his enlistment it would be absolutely certain that he would either have hesitated before giving the "associated word" to "Key West," or that, the fact of enlistment being strong in his mind, he would have answered "navy," or perhaps "sailor," or perhaps "enlistment" itself. Any hesitation or the giving of any word related to enlistment would have been proof, according to psychology, that the Rev. Mr. Burton had not forgotten the circumstances at Key West as he claimed. But instead of any of these he answered without a moment's hesitation "cigars."

Again the monitor on which he made his voyage was the Ozark. In the same way when this word was given him, if Mr. Burton had answered "sea" or "boat" or anything related to ships or voyages, this would have been still further proof that he had not forgotten. But instead he answered immediately "mountains."

He passed triumphantly through this test, as he did through all the other psychological tests put to him.

"I am glad to see you, doctor," he said to me. "But oh, these frightful pains in my head!" He put his hands up to both sides of his head just above and about his ears.

"Just what is the pain like?" I asked.

"Sharp at times; at times gnawing. But since I awakened on January 11 I have not been without pain there."

"Is the pain constant?"

"Not constantly sharp. But always a dull ache and a sensation as though the brain just here were tired—oh, so tired." He touched again the sides of the head. His hand indicated just the location of the centres whose derangement causes this mysterious malady we call "loss of personality" or "multiple personality."

"The pain is worst on the left side," he said. "This was significant, because it is on the left side that the centres of memory, speech and so on are located. They do not exist on the right hemisphere of the brain—or if they do it is as in such rudimentary state as to be negligible."

I learned his family history. I must, for lack of space, abridge it. His mother had been prone to hysteria and to nervous exhaustion, and had periods of profound mental depression. There would be periods of weeks when she would forget who she really was! Thus, in so far as parentage is concerned, Mr. Burton would come naturally enough by odd mental stages. His mother had also been a hysteric. What strange states of the mind, of the psychism, what delusions, illusions, hallucinations, possessions and the like have not from time immemorial been classed under that title! What physical diseases, from tuberculosis to the most diverse forms of paralysis, have not been simulated in hysteria!

As a child he had at no time been strong of body, though of very good mental capacity. He had had several of the exhausting diseases of childhood—measles, scarlet fever and tonsillitis. At six, during a severe illness, he seemed in fatal collapse—no longer indeed to breathe—"when claret poured down my

The Moral Aspect of the Rev. Mr. Burton

By the Rev. Clifton Harby Levy
Pastor of the Tremont Temple, New York City.

THE moral aspect of the misfortune of the Rev. Mr. Burton is an interesting one.

We are told by the shipmates of Mr. Burton that he made use of his shore leave to indulge himself in the usual diversions of the ordinary sailor when ashore. This is easy to believe. Once we understand that Mr. Burton was in an abnormal state of mind when he enlisted in the navy, we are not surprised that he should have entered into the habits of life which he found around him on board ship and ashore. It was only natural for the unfortunate man to have joined his companions in the customary frolics of sailors who are, for the moment, freed from the restraints of discipline aboard a ship.

His Future in the Light of

By Professor Charles W. Steiner

STUDENTS of abnormal psychology are keenly interested not only in studying the extraordinary experience which the Rev. Mr. Burton has just undergone, but also in speculating as to what will happen to him next.

Will he be able to retain his normal self for the rest of his life, or will this other personality assert itself from time to time, just as it did with such strange results last December?

If this happens is it not possible that this second personality may sometimes gain complete ascendancy over Mr. Burton's original self?

Another exceedingly interesting question is whether Mr. Burton is not possessed of more than dual personality. Are there still other selves, besides the two which have already shown themselves, which may some day gain control over his mind and body and lead him into even stranger adventures?

Scientists are inclined to believe that this is the case, and that Mr. Burton's surprising experiences are only just beginning. All that is yet known about the disassociation of personality leads to the belief that it is seldom limited to a dual form, but is usually manifested by as many as five or six distinct personalities in the same person. For this reason Dr. Morton F. Prince and other authorities on this subject have discarded the term "dual" personality, and describe a case like the Rev. Mr. Burton's as only one of several possible manifestations of a "multiple" personality.

Probably the most remarkable case of multiple personality which science has ever had the opportunity to study was that of Miss Beauchamp, a young Massachusetts woman, in whom several personalities developed and for several years struggled with one another for mastery.

"She was," says Dr. Prince, "who wrote a biography of this remarkable woman, 'able to change her personality from time to time, often from hour to hour, and with each change her character became transformed and her memories altered. In

But from Rev. Mr. Burton may have any one degradation tute man have enlisted lowed that duct and was church, but he did not ki in a dream, While it sad an expe regret, still, that whatever tude atache

addition to born and wh be any one "Although had a distin fested by dif Ideals and t habits, expe "Each of the other tw them had no such inform hand, so tha blanks whic in the flesh. "Of a sud she knew no just a momen the lives of character, so the transfor self was mor Miss Bea afforded of his Dr. Jeky of action, h so her life wa of embarrass But scien of the best which, in one as that of St must haunt l day a crimil spring into l

A Physician's Examination of the Rev. Mr. Burton and His Diagnosis---By Dr. John Bessner Huber

THE foregoing facts aroused the profoundest interest in me as a medical man.

Was Mr. Burton a man seeking to free himself from a condition in life burdensome to him? Was he chafing against its restrictions—a condition which to most men would be an ideally happy and comfortable one? Was he a man who had simply perversely taken to another life? And was he now, a disgrace to the service the honor of which he had sworn to uphold, an educated man conversant with stories of dual personalities, acting his sailor's part in order to excuse his actions?

If such were the case, then the Rev. Mr. Burton was only a cunning malingering, of no scientific interest to either physician or psychologist, but simply a misdeed to be handled by the police or the disciplinary authorities of the navy.

Or, on the other hand, was his really a case of double personality, in which the real self was for the time being submerged while the dual or less worthy personality, the alter ego, was temporarily in the ascendant? Had we here a case in which the nature and soul of the clergyman had utterly disappeared—while his body was in the possession of the nature and soul of a stranger?

If Mr. Burton's case was such a one as this latter, consider how great a misfortune was here for him, his family, his friends, his congregation. At one minute a God-fearing, respectable and respected Christian minister, as steadfast in righteousness as he would have all men be, a power for good in his community. Then suddenly to have so fine a personality obliterated, and to have the body of this Gospel preacher pass suddenly under the control of another and a perverse identity, craving adventure and irregular living, the antipodes of all a cleric should be! No longer a disciple of the Prince of Peace, here was now a being committed to warfare, and, if need be, to slaughter. Now no longer feeling the responsibility of a pastorate, no longer given to the gentle and kindly enjoyment of church functions and entertainments, here was a stranger, his pockets stuffed with match boxes, the altar stabs and other evidences of another walk in life.

Which, then, was Mr. Burton? Malingering or martyr? To determine for myself if I could I visited the patient in the Navy Yard Hospital.

The day was sunny and clear. It was dusk when I entered. The physicians had most kindly arranged for my seeing Mr. Burton. The nurse led me to his bedside, about which screens were placed so that we were alone and could converse undisturbed in the dim light of the ward.

The Rev. Mr. Burton, in a clean nightgown, crackling from the starch, and in as immaculate clean a bed, gave, to begin with, every impression of a quiet-natured, cultured gentleman of delicate sensibilities. His way of speaking was courteous and at the same time frank and unaffectedly straightforward.

His appearance was altogether in his favor. Here seemed to be a man naturally clean—clean of body, of nature, of mind. Of medium height, of a body not brawny, nor fashioned for rough work, of the build and with the arm of a scholar, and with the hand and tapering fingers of a cleric, his forehead was full, high,

throat revived me and I became well," clearly a hysterical symptom.

Since childhood he had had several maladies—malaria, and typhoid fever the worst. All of which tended naturally to such physical weakness as must certainly affect the nervous system upon which depends sane thought and reasonable conduct and right judgment.

The Rev. Mr. Burton showed me then the bend of his elbow, where a vein had been opened and he had been bled for a test—which gave, however, no evidence of any blood disease. Also he showed a lumbar puncture (in the spine), which had been made to ascertain if there had been any brain or nervous disease, any tumor or abscess of the nervous system to account for the psychic aberration he had been the victim of. But this test had also been fruitless.

"You remember absolutely nothing?" I asked again.

"As God is my judge, nothing," he replied solemnly. "I remember only that I was in Fairmont that afternoon of December 15. I had a frightful pain in my head. There followed a time of haziness, of fragmentary impressions. But there is nothing clear. Suddenly I seemed to awaken from these vaguenesses. My mind was clear. I was lying on a clean white bed in what was evidently a hospital. I called. Nurses came. I asked what I was doing there. They told me I was in New York and that it was January 11.

I could not realize it. All I could remember was that yesterday in Fairmont I had had a pain in my head. But that yesterday was a month away almost! "What had I done? Where had I been? There was not a fragment of memory."

He raised his hands to his head again and groaned. "My head! My head!"

I noted that whenever a flood of memories rushed in on him he gave this same evidence of distress. It was the same when the river sounds became pronounced or when the sailors in the ward raised their voices a bit, the Rev. Mr. Burton's face would flush and in a tired way he raised his hands to both sides of his head above and about his ears and speak of the painful and fatigued sensation in those regions.

Now, these portions of the brain where he indicated have to do with memories—memories of speech and the like. Any disease, either functional or physical, in them produces the mental malady known as amnesia—loss of memory. Loss of memory for words is known as aphasia. Such loss of memory (for words) is of four kinds, as shown in Fig. 1: A, loss of memory for words heard is known as auditory aphasia; B, loss of memory for words seen is visual aphasia; C, loss of memory for spoken speech, motor aphasia or aphemia; and D, forgetfulness of written speech is graphic-motor aphasia or aggraphia. A and B have to do with words addressed to the patient; C and D with words spoken or written by the patient.

The four centres in this memory group are mutually dependent, and are interrelated by a system of connecting nerve fibres. In healthy people, like ourselves, whose minds are working aright, the normal mentality depends upon the right association or interrelation between these nerve centres. (See Figure II.) But when such association is totally lost there is total

aphasia. Then, as would seem to have been the case with Mr. Burton on December 15 last, mind-blindness comes on—livion of the past—in consequence of the temporary gearing of those memory faculties. And this mind-blindness exists so long as that ungear continues.

On the body can and me go on. The higher consciousness, the thing that recognizes itself, is helpless. It has been "unhitched" from the rest of the mental mechanism. The sub-consciousness takes charge because there must be a directing force to guide the human animal.

Now, just as in sleep, when the normal consciousness is off and dormant, the sub-consciousness creates dreams, so mind-blindness it creates greater dreams. The difference is that in sleep dreams we wake up and our bodies are still; in mind-blindness the victim acts in a dream. The sub-consciousness has full charge and from its activities, its memories and habits it creates the new personality.

The sub-consciousness remembered that it could play its tricks—because the muscular motions of a trained musician come largely sub-conscious—"habitual." Therefore the personality enlisted as a musician. It remembered that "Hudd." It took that name, to be a United States navy sailor. But here is no doubt an act of good and evil. Robert Jekyll and Mr. Hyde outlined.

Why has this tale so fascinated or have seen it played? But thing intrinsically human; so it puts it up to us that there be two or more natures, often one to the other—mortal foes, of one flesh and of one blood. Any time, reader, that you tan Museum of Art you will find a man striving to rid man has been striving these from the cloddish and unwelcome ever dragging us down, struggle of the good and the Life, indeed—it's good, and so good seems to be about